CP English 11

April 14, 2009

My Memoir

My Name is Cassie S-----. I’m 17 years of age and I am currently employed at Chuck E. Cheese. The event I’m about to tell you has not only impacted me, but the man I went out of my way to help as well. On my way to work, one rainy, windy day I went around the turn toward CEC and there was an elderly man in a wheelchair in the middle of the road. As I was patiently waiting for him to cross the road a gust of wind blew his bags and other possessions into the street. I was then caught in the decision of maneuvering my car around the man or getting out and helping him collect his belongings. It was then that I decided to be a Good Samaritan and help this old man. Not many would take the time out of their day and risk being late for work, but I knew that he really would appreciate my help. As he was struggling to collect his items, another gust of wind came pushing his bags even further out of reach. I quickly ran to rescue his belongings and help him get his wheelchair across the parking lot. When I handed him his bags, he thanked me and it was then that I realized that this man was not only physically impaired, but mentally also. He asked my name, and when I responded, he couldn’t hear very well and repeated the question several times. Each time he said, “Oh! Thank you young lady, I couldn’t get my wheelchair over the curb, what’s your name? I thought to myself, that this man must be embarrassed and is obviously glad to see that there are still young people helping when they can. Then, I finished my journey to work and after about a half hour my manager came in and stated that there was a man in a wheelchair on the sidewalk outside the store looking very confused. As she passed she said that someone that looked like they knew him stopped to help him out. She said she was thankful that someone else stopped because she felt obligated too and she didn’t want to take the time to stop. I thought that was pretty selfish, that I showed up to work late for something not even my managers could do. When I told her the story later, she got a blameworthy look on her face and confessed her guilt. I realized helping others can make you feel good about yourself, knowing that you are one of the few people that are willing to help someone in need. I try to see everything from another point of view now and always help others in the simple ways I can.